

# THE Young-Man & Maidens Fore-cast;

SHEWING HOW

They Reckon'd their *Chickens* before they were Hatcht:

To the Tune of, *The Country Farmer.* Or, *The Devonshire Damosels.* This may be Printed, R. P.



I'll tell you a Jest of a Provident Lass,  
Whose Providence prov'd her a Provident Ass;  
She laid forth her store in such brittle Ware,  
That very small profit did fall to her share;  
Thirteen to the Dozen of Eggs she would buy,  
And set a Hen over them carefully;  
As long as she went her footing she watch'd,  
She couched her Chickens before they were Hatch'd.

Said she, if these Chickens like Capons do prove,  
Capons be Meat which Gentlemen love;  
Those Chickens she would sell to buy a Sow-Pig,  
That it might have young ones ere it was big:  
Then with her Pigs she would have an Ewe,  
It may have Lambs not kill'd with the Dew:  
And as she was thinking to buy her a Calf,  
Her Heels they flew from her a Yard and a half.

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Her Heels kifs'd the ground, and up flew her Eggs;  
Down came her Basket, and broke all her Eggs;  
There lay her Pigs, her Chickens, her Lambs  
She could not have young ones except she had Dams  
Thus Fortune did frown by a fall that she catcht,  
Her Chickens prov'd Riddle before they were Hatcht:  
Attend but a while, and I'll briefly declare,  
Bad fortune did likewise fall to the Mans share.

And now the Man to the Market will go,  
To see what Dame Nature on him will bestow;  
He bought him five Eggs thinking to Thrive,  
And thus did the business finely contrive?  
Said he, if these Eggs five Cocks they will frame;  
And most of them prove to be Cocks of the Game,  
So soon as their Spurs are long enough grown,  
Then I may ingross a Cock Pit of my own.

Then may I have Gallants of every sort,  
Both Lords, Knights, and Squires, and all to see sport  
If they fight bravely these Gallants to please,  
I may come to get weans by the rearing of these:  
And when I have done, I'll get me a rich Wife,  
That I may live happy all days of my Life,  
And in the Church we will be loving matcht,  
But count not your Chickens before they be Hatcht.

And when he came home he set his Eggs by,  
He could not get up the Roost was so high;  
But fetching a Ladder that unhappy time,  
It was his hard luck with his Eggs for to Climb.  
These Ladders prove fatal to many a Man,  
And are undone by them now and then;  
So was this poor Man undone by a fall,  
Down comes the Basket, Man, Eggs and all.

There lay the poor Man with a fall almost lame,  
His Cock-Pits and Gallants, and Cocks of the Game.  
The looking of this grieved him to the Life,  
Yet the grief it was more in the loss of his Wife:  
All you Young Men live vertuous Lives,  
And think to get Portions now by your Wives;  
Take warning by me before you are Hatcht,  
Pray count not your Chickens before they be Hatcht.

F I N I S.

Printed for P. Brooksby, at the Golden-B. II in Pye-Corner, near  
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